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A GOOD ROADS WEAPON.

In a letter sent out to postmasters all over the country by Fourth Assistant Postmaster McGraw, it is made plain that the postoffice department intends to discontinue rural free delivery service in communities where no steps will be taken to keep the roads in repair. Mr. McGraw's letter follows:

"You are directed to inform yourself with reference to the condition of roads and bridges on the rural routes out of your office, and if you find that they require improvement you should present the matter in the strongest and most positive way to the patrons and road officials, informing them that improvements must be made as soon as practicable. If, after reasonable time has elapsed, the improvements have not been made or started, you will report that to this office in order that action may be taken looking to the discontinuance of the service."

"The department is not immediately concerned in elaborate road improvements, but in the interest of the best service to the largest number of patrons, it must insist upon roads being kept in good repair, the lack of which is usually due to improper drainage, and unsuitable grading and surface work, which can be easily and cheaply accomplished by timely work and the regular use of the split log drag or similar device."

The postoffice department has an effective weapon to use in the good roads campaign by reason of its rural delivery. The rural communities would not be without their free delivery and it is certain that prompt response will be given in any case where a postmaster feels called upon to make complaint against the condition of roads and bridges on the routes.

A MORAL LANDSLIDE.

Two Chicago papers, the Record-Herald and the Inter Ocean, express similar views relative to the election of a Democrat to congress in a New York district which is nominally Republican, both holding the landslide was caused by moral and not political grounds. The Record-Herald says:

The decisive defeat of George W. Aldridge, machine Republican candidate for congress from the thirty-second New York district, was simply and solely the very gratifying outcome of a campaign in which the paramount and overriding issue was honesty—plain decency.

It was not due in any measurable degree to the tariff, or to the cost of living, or to any other current economic issue. It is not to be bracketed with the Foss victory in Massachusetts. This should be recognized without the least hesitation by the most vigorous critics of the new tariff act, since it is absolutely true, and since nothing is gained by misrepresentation and misinterpretation. Aldridge is a hardened spoliator, a tool of special interests, a trafficker in legislative and political favors.

Only a few weeks ago he was exposed as the recipient of a \$1,000 check from an insurance lobbyist, the check representing payment for unspecified services in "facilitating" mysterious transactions at Albany. This exposure capped the climax of the whole case against him and the upright, self-respecting Republican voters revolted against the cynicism of the "organization" in foisting such a candidate on the party.

Aldridge wanted "vindication" and he was master of the local situation to such an extent that he practically forced his own nomination. He did not reckon with the moral sentiment of the voters; he has been anti-Reform, anti-Hughes, anti-reform, anti-everything of good repute. The pulpit of his city was compelled by the issue of the election to enter the arena and denounce him scathingly. Decent men in all parties and no party may freely exchange congratulations over the victory for honest politics at Rochester.

The Inter Ocean takes this view: There was a special election Tuesday in the Thirty-second congressional district of New York to fill a vacancy caused by death.

This district contains the considerable city of Rochester. It is normally Republican by at least 10,000. But on Tuesday, James S. Havens, the Democratic candidate, carried it by nearly 6,000 over George W. Aldridge, the candidate of the Republicans. Why?

George Aldridge has been for years the Republican boss of Rochester. In the latter '90s he was appointed state superintendent of public works. His administration was scandalous. It was notorious throughout the east. In addition he recently was exposed again in the scandals at Albany.

Insurgency and the tariff doubtless helped to swell the Democratic vote against Aldridge, but he was mainly defeated on his dirty record. Practically the whole campaign was made against him on this record.

The tariff might help or hurt, but the chief issues were a notoriously unclean man and a dirty record. These two unsavory facts would tower above all else.

Tariff schedules come and go, and the help or hurt in different places as circumstances may dictate. But ras-

cality and assistant rascality in office have only one effect—they hurt and eventually kill the men and parties who are responsible for them.

The unfaithful ocean in public office, the Inter Ocean adds, can brazen it out only until the people get a chance at him.

They got a chance at the unfaithful Aldridge in Rochester on Tuesday and they smashed him.

BELIEVING IN YOUR CITY.

"One of the first essentials for individual success," says the Davenport Times, "is belief in one's self. It is necessary, also to know what one can do best. This means that a man must know his own powers and his limitations. His weaknesses he can overcome, and his special abilities he can develop." The Times cites an individual case that came to its notice. "The other day," it says, "a young man in Cedar Rapids, who has been making splendid progress recently, was asked how it happened that he was getting along so well. 'I have found,' said he, 'that if I set out to do a thing, I can usually do it. That has given me courage, and I am going to do greater things than I thought, a few months ago, that I was capable of doing.' The Times then goes on to draw this parallel:

"It is the same way with cities. A city must believe in itself. Its people must feel that their city is the best place on earth in which to live. They must believe that it has a great future and they must help to make that future great. They must see the opportunities that are dormant and make use of them. They must help to overcome the city's weaknesses and lend their aid to developing that which is its chief strength. When a city finds that it can do things, it will do greater things."

"There is going to be more building done in Davenport this year than ever before in the same length of time. There are going to be more people moving here than ever came here in the same time before. One institution, alone, when completed, will employ 2,000 men. Business is going to be done on a larger scale. Everything will develop, and it will not be a mushroom growth. There never were two greater states than Iowa and Illinois and the tri-city is a center of this great consuming and prosperous territory."

Davenport has given evidence by the enthusiasm with which it has entered into the "Greater Davenport" movement that it believes in itself and has faith in its future. Ottumwa is gratified to see it enter so heartily into the booster campaign, believing that the more general the expansion movement becomes in the state, the more the entire state will benefit. Iowans cannot boost their city without boosting their state, and it will be generally admitted that Iowa has not always in the past lived up to its opportunities and has need of a thorough aroused public spirit.

The Commercial association has requested every Ottumwan to co-operate in the census taking. Heads of families can comply with this request by making certain that everybody in their household is enrolled. Boarding house keepers should see that their boarders are not overlooked, especially those who are temporarily out of the city and who otherwise would not be counted. It is vital to the interests of the community that every resident of Ottumwa shall be counted. Be prepared for the enumerator when he calls. If you are not at home when he calls, look for him, or give your name to the secretary of the Commercial association, who will see that the enumerator finds you. Ottumwa has enjoyed a substantial growth since the last census. It must be given credit for its increased population and it cannot be given this credit unless everybody co-operates with the census takers.

The Council Bluffs Nonpareil publishes this paragraph in its editorial columns:

Lost—A railroad train. When last seen, it was hunting around for a place to let passengers off for Council Bluffs. Finder please return to the union depot committee of the Council Bluffs Commercial club.

This is an effective method of making it known that Council Bluffs wants a new depot.

Our sympathies go out to one of the editorial brethren on the Cedar Rapids Gazette who planted his tomatoes too early and thus laments:

We feel almost like punching the face of the fellow who didn't make garden early and who now "rubs it in" by saying, "I told you so."

To those Democratic brethren who have reached the conclusion that Mr. Bryan has joined the down and out club and who are hastening to step forth into the political limelight, the Bristol, (Tenn.) News says:

But they may sneer at and ridicule Mr. Bryan as much as they choose, yet there is no question that today he is the most influential man by far in the Democratic party, and while he may voluntarily decline to lead his party to a fourth defeat, still he will be all things in shaping the issues upon which it will appeal to the people in the next national contest.

The Springfield, Ill. News makes this comment on political conditions in Iowa: "Newspaper stories from Iowa are to the effect that the Democrats of that state expect to elect the next governor. In that respect there is no material change in the attitude of the party as it has existed in the Hawkeye state for many years, but as is the case in many other sections of the union, they fail to realize on their expectations."

Sh-h. Tread lightly. Old man winter may be just stringing us along with this fine day.

Good results always follow the use of Foley's Kidney Pills. They give prompt relief in all cases of kidney and bladder disorders, are healing, strengthening, and anti-septic. Try them. Swenson's Drug Store, Clark's Drug Store.

PEOPLE'S PULPIT

The Courier opens its columns for the discussion of topics of greatest interest to the people. Communications of 250 words or thereabouts will be printed in this column. All communications should be typewritten or in plain hand on one side of the paper only.

FIRST RECOLLECTION OF COURIER IN 1861.

My first recollection of the Courier was in 1861, when J. W. Norris was postmaster of Ottumwa, and published the Courier weekly, consisting of four pages of seven columns each. It was hand set and home print on a hand press. The contemporary of the Courier then was the Democratic Union by J. H. D. Street, who was succeeded the next year by the Democratic Mercury. Other contemporaries of the Courier since then which have suspended publication, have been the Copperhead, the Revue, the Democrat, the Spirit of the Times, the Sun, the Press, the Republican, the World, the Review by Allen Clark, and perhaps others. The Daily Courier was begun, I think, in 1865, and I have been an occasional reader since then; when Gen. Hedrick was editor and postmaster of Ottumwa; when Major Hamilton was editor and postmaster, and when the late A. W. Lee was editor and postmaster. It seems that the Ottumwa post office has been a frequent "emolument" to the Courier editor in the past, and perhaps a source of some nutriment. The Courier has kept pace with the growth of Ottumwa, and has become one of its large business enterprises, and a big newspaper as newspapers go today. People, without regard to political parties, in Wapello and adjoining counties, subscribe to the Courier as a newspaper, without all of them subscribing to its politics, and it is only fair to return that gift to its patrons an opportunity for expressing their ideas. This is the purpose of "The People's Pulpit" in the Courier, as I understand it, in which each one may freely write of religion, politics, science, society, or whatever most interests him, provided always that the writing is not personal, malicious, defamatory or libelous. Thus far, religious discussions have rather occupied the department. The word "pulpit" may have induced such a cast. But there are other pebbles on the beach.

J. I. Griffith.

SHALL OTTUMWA HAVE A REST ROOM?

So much interest is being manifested now in making Ottumwa an up-to-date city, that things unthought of by many of the residents are fast becoming necessities, under the larger view now opening to us.

Is the modern convenience, the "rest room," (now found in all up-to-date cities both great and small), and a permanent feature in the new Ottumwa?

For one year, as some know, one has been provided by the City Federation of Women's Organizations, and has, we feel, fully justified its support. And although its location is not so favorable for the out of town visitors as might be desired, yet in the short time it has been open, many hundreds have availed themselves of its comforts, as the daily register will show.

The room is provided with tables laden with current literature and good reading matter, with comfortable chairs and old ladies have reclined upon the couch in quiet rest.

Tired mothers with their fretful children have gone from the place soothed and refreshed. Working girls of all pursuits have found it a place remote from curious eyes where they have eaten their noon luncheon on the arranged for that purpose in as perfect freedom as in their own home dining room. High school students have stopped in to warm their lives during the severe winter weather. Teachers from out of town and many patrons of our stores have been very grateful for its accommodations. Even marriage ceremonies have been performed there.

Now the question arises: Are there any in the city who will aid the Federation in this permanent establishment of this great convenience for the public?

The federation was formed by the women of our city for the very same purpose that the Commercial association was organized for among the men—"the betterment of Ottumwa in every possible way."

Our requests along financial lines have been very modest, perhaps that is the reason you hear so little of us. But we have been busy and hope the unfolding years of the city's record will bear testimony of our good purposes.

After all when it comes to financial affairs, we are but a unit in the hands of the people—just the same as are all forces employed for progression anywhere.

Therefore, we put the problem of the "Rest Room" before the people now so thoroughly awakened to the necessity of concerted action in all things pertaining to the city's welfare.

With more help Ottumwa's "Rest Room" may become a credit to the people.

Mrs. Frank H. Hahn.
President Federation.

SOCIALISM'S VICTORY IN MILWAUKEE.

New York World.—There was practically no Socialist vote in this country until after Theodore Roosevelt became president. In 1896 the Socialist Labor party polled only 56,274 votes, and in 1900 Mr. Debs, as the candidate of the Social Democrats, received only 87,814 votes, in spite of Hannan's.

But in 1904, when Mr. Roosevelt was a candidate for president, Mr. Debs polled 402,233, and in 1908, Mr. Debs' vote increased to 420,793. In the election Tuesday last Social Democrats swept Milwaukee city and county. They elected their candidate for mayor by a plurality of 7,109. The Democratic ticket ran second, and the Republican ticket ran third. The new

council will consist of twenty-one Socialists, ten Democrats and four Republicans; the board of supervisors of eleven Socialists, three Republicans and two Democrats.

The Socialist victory in Milwaukee is ascribed to various causes, many of which are unquestionably local, but this is the first time in America that a great city has elected a Socialist administration, and it would be foolish to try to minimize the importance of this triumph. It is another symptom of the growing political restlessness of the American people and their increasing dissatisfaction with fake radicalism and machine government.

THE CENSUS MAN.

It was a lady spare and sour. I've opened her front door To find a youth whose dusty suit The air of business wore.

She tartly snarled, "No, not today! You peddlers make me tired. I want no corn salve, soap or lace." "Your age, ma'am?" he inquired.

"How insolent! If you don't leave, I'll tell you what I'll do— I'll call out Tige in from the barn. He'll make a meal of you."

"I've put you down as twenty-three," The stranger blandly said. "Oh, add another twelve to that!" She vainly tossed her head.

"And these, Your brothers? Sisters, Six?" He asked with flattery fine. "Land! I've been married fifteen years! There—and two more—are mine."

She answered queries on his list. Then said in tone polite: "We're eatin' dinner, John's to home, Step in and have a bite."

The census man went on his way The next high stoop to climb. "A little honey," chorled he. "Will catch them every time." —New York World.

THE EVENING STORY

SAMUEL'S MARRIAGE.

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The front door slammed behind the professor's departing form, and before its vibration had ceased Estelle and Margaret were hovering behind the late draperies in the little parlor. Professor Mead slowly drew on his gloves and peered near-sightedly up and down the street. It was barely possible that he was looking for a car—but no! A girl's trim figure came into view, and she turned flashing dark eyes and smiling scarlet lips toward the tall man on the steps. He lifted his hat with stiff courtesy and together, talking earnestly, they disappeared around the corner.

"This is the sixth day, Margaret, and I don't know how long it had been going on before we noticed it," said the elder Miss Mead, with a sharp little sigh. "Do you suppose all these years of bachelorhood that Samuel will marry a girl like Jenny Lee?"

"Of course he will," replied Margaret, impatiently. "Samuel is just the sort of blind old mole that would overlook all the clever, sweet, really refined girls he has known and fall in love with a common, showy creature like that Lee girl. I wash my hands of the whole affair!" With a gesture of disgust Margaret picked up a piece of embroidery and bent serious eyes to its intricate stitchery.

Estelle paced the floor restlessly. "I had hoped he would fancy Pussy—she is so clever."

"In what way?" asked Margaret, dryly. "Why—she is a remarkable housekeeper—and so charming in every way. And she is so interested in his work," stammered Estelle, with some chagrin. "Really, Margaret, you do take one up so! We have always thought Pussy to be clever in her way."

Margaret laughed. "Pussy is a dear, and I would rather have her for a sister-in-law than any other girl in the world, but Pussy's cleverness is merely tact and charm. What our distinguished brother wants is some ignorant little chit who will make him breakfast every morning."

"Pussy's husband will never go away without his breakfast, asserted Estelle, loyally; "but, oh, dear—it doesn't seem possible that a Mead could marry into that Lee family."

"What does the girl do?" asked Margaret.

"Works in Beadles' store—I have bought shoes of her," groaned Estelle. She sank into a deep chair and remained silent for a long time. At last she lifted a determined face. "I shall ask him what it means. This is the first time he has ever paid the slightest attention to any girl!" Margaret shrugged her shapely shoulders.

Late that evening, Estelle sought her sister with tearful eyes. "It is quite true, Margaret," she said, calmly. "I asked Samuel, point blank, if he really meant anything by his attentions to Jenny and he stared at me with that irritating air of stupidity, and you know Samuel is far from stupid—and said that I had anticipated his announcement!"

"Is that all?" "He said he was sure we would all be happy together, and if we were not, why, he'd just go away and make a new home with Jenny! What shall we do?" Estelle's voice died out in a little wail of despair.

"Do," repeated Margaret, energetically. "There is only one thing to do in such cases! We must pretend we are delighted with the match and we must invite the girl here and find out the best there is in her and bring it out. Perhaps she is musical—that covers a multitude of minor defects. 'How shall we go about it?' One of us must call upon her, I suppose. I

don't even know where the girl lives!"

"Tomorrow will be Samuel's birthday. We might ask the girl to dinner—because, you know, Estelle, Sam has always been good to us!" said Margaret, bravely.

And Estelle tearfully acquiesced. Jenny Lee raised her black brows in undisguised amazement when Margaret Mead stopped at the lace counter and invited her to dinner that evening.

"I am Margaret Mead," said the professor's sister, pleasantly. "Samuel has told us about you—and we are very glad indeed. This is his birthday and my sister and I thought it would be charming if you would be with us."

Miss Lee reddened with pleasure and with her exotic coloring looked handsomer than ever. She threw a withering glance at a fellow clerk who was greedily absorbing what she should be the conversation. "I shall be happy to come," she said, stiffly. "It's funny the professor should have told you about me, though," she added, confidentially.

"It was quite natural that he should tell us," said Margaret, a bit coldly. "We will expect you at 7 o'clock, then," she said as she walked away.

"Sure," returned Miss Lee, affably. That is how it happened that Estelle Mead and herself themselves entertained Jenny Lee in the tiny parlor of their home. Through the curtains a glimpse of the dining room could be seen, with a daintily set table and a huge pink-frosted cake in the center.

Miss Lee was very stately in a rustling black silk gown, and her black hair was twisted into an intricate mass of coils and puffs and braids. It irritated Estelle because the girl did not seem to know what to do with her hands and feet.

"Do you play?" asked Margaret at last, when the stilted conversation came to an abrupt pause.

Miss Lee's face brightened. "Indeed I do!" she exclaimed. "I've been looking at that lovely piano ever since I came. Have you heard the new song—'Come for a Sail in My Airship'?" she asked, moving toward the instrument.

"No," said Estelle, grimly. "Play it, do!" Margaret's voice was far from steady. She was thinking of Pussy Lincoln and her exquisite rendition of Chopin. If Samuel preferred a younger wife and the allurements of popular music—it was Samuel's business.

Jenny Lee played with a dash and vigor that startled her hearers. She sang with a perfect abandonment, the spirit of the song, and her fresh, young voice rose high above the prolonged ringing of the front door bell. The busy little maid servant answered at last, and just as the song was concluded with a triumphant trill on the last note, Margaret heard her brother's inquiring voice in the front hall.

Presently the door was pushed slowly open, throwing the piano and the rest of the room into view before it into obscurity. Professor Mead's long pale face was thrust cautiously around the lintel, then his lean body followed, and in his wake came a small dark woman with a charming face, exquisitely gowned in pale gray silk with a huge bunch of violets nestling in the laces of her gown.

The professor led her forward with a beaming countenance. I told Estelle about our engagement last night, Jenny—I've made myself a birthday present, girls!" He stood back and rubbed his hands complacently.

"Pussy Lincoln!" screamed the Misses Mead, as they flung themselves into the embrace of the newcomer. Professor Mead encircled the group with his long arms, and so it happened that none of them noticed the slender form of Miss Lee glide stealthily from the room.

Margaret noted her absence and darted into the hall. "Why—you are not going, Miss Lee? You were to stay to dinner, you know," faltered Margaret, watching Jenny Lee fasten on her big hat with skewer-like pins.

Miss Lee winked in a friendly manner. "Not on your life! I saw in a minute the professor had got a surprise on you girls, and as it's his birthday you want a little family party!"

"I'll come some other time, Miss Mead, if it's just the same to you. You see, the professor is a fine fellow and all the girls in my class at the night school think he's great—you see, he's been real good to me. I'm studying English and bookkeeping, and we walk down the street together every morning—he ain't a bit truck up, you know—and when I've learned enough he's going to help me get a good position. Miss Lincoln's my Sunday school teacher, so, you see, I guess I won't bid in tonight! So long!" With a bright nod and a hearty grasp of Margaret's extended hand, she was gone.

In the parlor she fell into Estelle's ecstatic embrace. "I have just remembered that Pussy's real name is Jenny," whispered Estelle in Margaret's ear.

Miss Lincoln sat down at the piano and struck a few soft chords.

The two girls kissed the professor warmly. "We are so happy—about you and Pussy," they explained.

"I knew you would be delighted with Jenny," he said, blinking amiably at them.

Watch for the Comet. The Red Dragon of the sky. Watch the children for spring coughs and colds. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. It is the best and safest prevention and cure for croup where the need is urgent and immediate relief a vital necessity. Contains no opiates or harmful drugs. Refuse substitutes. Swenson's Drug Store, Clark's Drug Store.

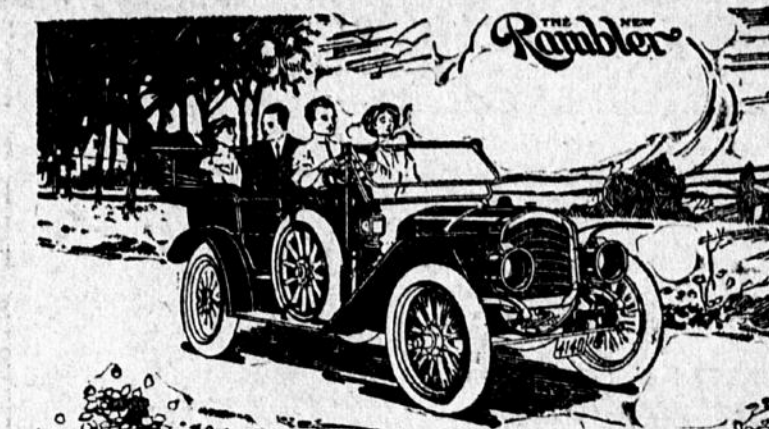
FLORIS. Mr. Calvin Wood spent Friday and Saturday with her daughters, Mrs. Harry Shreeves and Josie Wood.

Miss Millie Wood visited last week in Ottumwa with friends and relatives. Henry Rupe is working for Chas. Horan this week.

Mrs. Samuel Fitzgerald and son Roy made a flying trip to Ottumwa on Saturday.

O. K. Belknap passed through here enroute to Ottumwa Tuesday. John Horan visited Calvin Wood on Thursday.

Miss Ada Wood visited Mrs. Henry



"If it wasn't so far, I'd like to go"—so busy people are wont to say

Distant friends become your next door neighbors if you drive a new Rambler. Then no country road is long enough. For no sooner do you grasp the wheel and sense the motor purring than you shake off all drowsiness—the car starts beneath you and you are away—to work or to pastime—it differs not—exhilarated, you hasten on your way.

With offset crank-shaft, straight-line drive, big wheels and tires, long wheel-base, Spare Wheel and aluminum front fender, the new Rambler is in many respects superior to any other automobile.

Rambler automobiles \$1,800 to \$2,500

Snow Automobile Co.

121-123 South Main St.
Albia, Iowa

Rupe Friday. Hobart Fitzgerald is recovering slowly after a lingering illness with the mumps.

Geo. Wood who has been living in Ottumwa for some time has started for Wyoming where he intends to make his future home.

A Cruel Mistake. It is to neglect a cold or cough. Dr. King's New Discovery cures them and prevents consumption. See and know. F. B. Clark, J. H. L. Swenson & Co.

ALBIA.

At the meeting of the school board Wednesday evening the grade teachers were selected. The board retained the present corps of instructors. The superintendent and high school teachers will be chosen later.

Clarence Nelson returned from Louisiana where he has been employed the past winter in a lumber camp. A marriage license was granted to Tony Galloro, 28, and Edwige Trevels, 19, Hiteman.

John Meslek, a Hungarian took the first steps yesterday toward becoming a citizen of the United States.

C. B. Judd one of the promoters of the Albia Interurban, tried to find a house at Albia for his family but failed.

and was obliged to make his headquarters in Ottumwa.

Mrs. Emma Love and Mrs. John Richardson went to Batavia to attend the Woman's Home Missionary convention of the Methodist church.

Miss Maude Edmunds of Ottumwa visited Wednesday evening at the J. H. Easter home while on her way from Des Moines.

F. S. Kennedy of Chicago was a business visitor at Albia recently.

The Sound Sleep of Good Health.

The restorative power of sound sleep can not be over estimated and any ailment that prevents it is a menace to health. J. L. Southern, Eau Claire, Wis., says:—"For a long time I have been unable to sleep soundly nights, because of pains across my back and soreness of my kidneys. My appetite was very poor and my general condition was much run down. I have been taking Foley's Kidney Pills but a short time and now sleep as sound as a rock. I eat and enjoy my meals, and my general condition is greatly improved. I can honestly recommend Foley's Kidney Pills as I know they have cured me. Swenson's Drug Store, Clark's Drug Store."

Grand FREE Trial Zephyr Flour SALE!



All Your Money Back if Zephyr Doesn't "Make Good!"

At Dealers Named Below, Tomorrow

Be sure to attend tomorrow's great FREE Trial Sale of the World's finest flour—Zephyr Flour.

Lay in your supply now—take advantage of the big sale—no matter whether you won't need any flour for a week or whether you are "out of flour" now.

Zephyr Flour

Here's Our FREE Trial Offer:

Order one sack of Zephyr Flour at this sale. Use it down to one-half the sack for bread, pies, cake—all your baking. Test it your own way. Then decide.

If it has failed in any respect, send the remaining 24 pounds back to your grocer. He will refund you the price of the whole sack.

The Only Guaranteed Flour

We want you to use Zephyr Flour. The only flour backed by a guaranty. We want you to know that the guaranty means exactly what it says:

"That Zephyr Flour must make good every claim."
 "That it must equal the highest number of loaves you ever baked from the same amount of flour."
 "That it must completely satisfy you as to lightness—fineness of grain—taste—every quality of the best bread."
 "Or you receive all your money back!"

Let this great sale stand as a new and better baker in your home. The sale is on tomorrow at the stores of the following:

Stuber & Waughman, Eddyville, Ia.; Henry Fritz, Blakesburg, Ia.; J. F. Dings, Ottumwa, Ia.; W. I. Peck, Ottumwa, Ia.; A. J. Reynolds